

# ...A Page Devoted to the Interests and Occupations of Women...

## The Man Given in Marriage to His Wife

"I will not be given in marriage to my wife," said the man who married to the husband, not the husband to the wife," said the wisdom of the ancients. The Americans, who prize themselves above all else on their modern way of interpreting themselves and others who come in their way have reversed the axiom.

The American husband is so really given in marriage to his wife that matrimony with him is a happy happiness in proportion to the worldly successes or failures. A man who doesn't measure up to his wife's standard in regard to what she expects of him as a provider is pretty certain to be told at frequent intervals that the reason why the wife remains buried at home, instead of joining in the delightful diversions of her set, is because the husband does not—in fact, never has—fulfilled his marital obligations. The matter of bestowing on her the gorgeous apparel in which her soul delights, and in which she might propose to outshine the women of her acquaintance and make them turn pale with envy.

The possibilities she discerns ahead of her could her ambitions only be realized, add to her disgust over the limitations and deprivations by which she is held in check. The husband who is struggling against hard luck is so entirely married to his better half that the best he can do is to take refuge in disheveled silence when she inquires, sarcastically, why the two alone can never have luxuries and go where every one else who is of any consequence goes—in short, why, in the name of common sense, a married man above all the rest of human kind, should ever be so silly as to lack money when it ought to be, and must be, forthcoming?

As if such twitting were not sufficient to drive a man, heavily burdened with responsibility and sorely in need of encouragement, to desperation, the drinking saloon or the gambling table, the wife does not forget to clinch her arguments against incapacity by reminding her husband that he has taken her out of a comfortable home and an agreeable environment, to bury her in an obscure and out-of-the-way place; that not only has he removed her from the sphere of her former life circle, but, as he is a slave to the exactions of his working-day world, he never has the time or opportunity to enter with her into the round of gay social pleasures to which she has been accustomed, the loss of which has taken all the sparkle out of the wine of her existence.

The same spirit enters into the relations existing between such a man and his children, to whom he might otherwise look for compensation in the third lot of the unsuccessful. Where there should be affection and the twining of little arms around a man's neck, the prattle of musical little voices in his ear, the tenderest and sweetest impulses of his nature are thrown back to their source by the assertion that his children do not dress like other children; that they are denied advantages in education, in art and music that others have. His attention is called to the fact that instead of being smart and fresh in attire, they are forced to wear frocks and coats somewhat out of date, or that have been made over in descent from the elder to the younger.

Now, where do the pleasures of home come in for such a man? While such sordidness of spirit prevails, is there any wonder over the cry being raised that marriage is a failure and the divorce evil its remedy?

ALICE M. TYLER.

## A Mid-Summer Contest

A planting party offers a good idea for a midsummer contest. The first person sending in correct answers to the questions asked at such a party will receive a prize.

1. Plant a kitten, what will grow?
2. Plant a sunflower and what will grow?
3. Plant some sheep and what will grow?
4. Plant Christmas-rose and what will grow?
5. Plant a certain kind of candy and what will grow?
6. Plant a bag of flour and what will grow?
7. Plant the Stars and Stripes and what will grow?
8. Plant a kiss and what will grow?
9. Plant Cupid's arrow and what will grow?
10. Plant an hour of the afternoon and what will grow?
11. Plant orange blossoms and what will grow?
12. Plant grief and what will grow?

A month or two ago I spoke of these period dresses after Watson and De Pompadour, as perhaps you remember, says Mrs. Simcox in the Delineator for July. I was quite right in my surmise that one would hardly see them in general use for a time at least, but that modifications of them would certainly make their appearance before the season was over. I have been one of the first to take them up and turn them to practical account.

I have made several very charming evening frocks with the panner overskirt. In one of them the panniers were in Pompadour silk, satin stripes and rose-colored daisies on a white ground. The overdress ran up to the shoulders in a sort of princess style, and was defined on either side by rather narrow insertion of gold lace edged with Mechlin. The underskirt was of white chiffon held in inch-wide tucks set an equal distance apart. The whole thing was delightfully quaint and picturesque, and I have had to copy it a number of times.

The jet coats of the summer have more than justified my faith in them. Extremely graceful—quite straight in cut, sleeveless and low in the neck, both at the front and back, they hang from the shoulders, revealing rather than veiling the slender lines of the figure.

**Boy's Bathing Suit.**  
A bathing suit for her chubby boy is one of the questions that is agitating mother right now. Only by the merest chance may she hear, unless it is told her in black and white, that one of the easiest to make and most satisfactory for general daily wear at the seashore is the Russian blouse bathing suit. It is made over his very own blouse pattern, bloomers and all.

Every one of the suits for small children should be made of woolen material. Either cream or blue serge is perhaps most satisfactory. In the long run, because it does not thicken up they way flannel does. The blouse, with its belt, is only an overgarment, but the bloomers are made with an underskirt of the same material, to assure Tom's not taking cold there is not a better scheme than the fastening of the bloomers to a cut-down and sleeveless woolen undershirt.

## Colors That Brides Prefer

Majority Choose White.

The majority of brides choose white when selecting their wedding dress, because it is the conventional color, and many persons are of opinion that it always has been favored. As a matter of fact, it is of comparatively modern origin. A writer in the Pittsburg Leader, commenting upon this interesting subject, says that the Roman brides wore yellow, and in most eastern countries pink is the bridal color.

**Crimson of the Middle Ages.**

During the middle ages and in the Renaissance period brides wore crimson to the exclusion of all other colors. Most of the Plantagenet and Tudor queens were married in that vivid hue, which is still popular in parts of Brittany, where the bride is usually dressed in crimson brocade.

**Mary Stuart Wore White.**

It was Mary Stuart who first changed the color of the bridal garments. At her marriage with Francis II. of France, in 1558, which took place not before the altar, but before the great doors of Notre Dame, she was crowned in white brocade, with a train of pale blue Persian velvet six yards in length. This innovation caused a great stir in the fashionable world of that time. It was not, however, until quite the end of the seventeenth century that pure white—the color worn by royal widows—became popular for bridal garments.

**What an Englishman Says.**

Did you ever realize what a dangerous thing it is to clean house in the spring? According to Success Magazine, a writer in the London medical journal, the Lancet, insists that spring cleaning has made possibilities for evil if not properly conducted. Dirt and dust are full of disease-breeding germs; but, however dangerous these creatures may be when lodged in the woodwork or comfortably settled under the hall carpet, they are much more ferocious, this writer insists, if stirred up and irritated, and sent flying through the air. If we can't keep our houses clean as we go, we had better let them stay dirty. This writer's rule is to "let sleeping germs lie."

What a house would look like after forty years of total abstinence from spring cleaning we leave to our women readers to judge. Yet we venture the assertion that there is one creature who would find the situation entirely satisfactory. It dislikes the annual cleaning ceremony. It hates to eat cold suppers on the kitchen table, and beating carpets is to it an abomination. It will doubtless make capital out of the Englishman's warning against the perils of house-cleaning.

## Gilt or Silver Shoes

With the plainest evening gowns in light color people now have gilt or silvered shoes. Black for costumes and for chausseries is less in favor than it was even last winter. Dresses are always open in front or cut low around the neck, the sleeves more or less short, while jewels, trinkets and pendants are as much in favor as they were during the second empire. Another revival is that for "making-up." Many fashionable get their faces done up by a skillful practitioner, who, when she does not absolute enamel the face, teaches one how to keep beautiful by the use of certain precious herbs.

**Jumpers Warn.**  
As the season wears on it will be noticed that many of the smartest gowns will be of the jumper class with blouses of net dyed to match the material, the net usually more or less touched in self tone. The blouses are lined with China silk usually in white or light color, with the effect of lightening the costume.

Folded girdles in their proper place at the normal waist line will be used on these frocks, and cap sleeves trimmed with embroidery or slashed at the back and laced across in lattice effect will be another feature of the blouse.

**Period Dresses.**  
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## Where Dreams Come True.

I know a way—will you go, my dear, will you follow the path with me—The path that leads from the Now and Here.

Forth into Arcady?  
Where always the roses are red and sweet,  
Where always the skies are blue,  
Where there is rest for wandering feet,  
In the Meadow Where Dreams Come True.

We will dream our dreams as the hours go,  
We will fashion them fair and fine,  
And all of my dreams will be yours, you know.

And all of your dreams be mine,  
Dear, will you follow the path with me?  
I'm waiting for you, for you!  
To take the path into Arcady.

To the Meadow Where Dreams Come True.  
—Success Magazine.

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## For the Hostess

**Menu Card Adopted.**  
The simplicity and beauty of the idea appealed instantly to the good duke's convives, and the menu card from that moment became an institution. In its old-fashioned form the bill was usually written large on cards of such imposing dimensions that room for one only could be found at each end of the board.

In the medieval dinner this aid to selection must have been an absolute necessity, for the medieval dinner was a mine of surprises.

It was divided into courses as are our own meals; but, whereas nowadays the dinner has a general idea that fish will follow soup, and that entree will succeed by relieve, and can conceive

generally the sort of demand that each course will make upon his appetite and digestion, there was no possible arguing as to what was going to happen at an early English dinner, and close study falls to reveal the existence of any principle of arrangement.

**Cherry Charlotte.**  
Stew one quart of cherries with one pint of sugar, then drain off all juice. Line individual molds with split lady-fingers and moisten with the cherry juice. Fill the centres of the molds with alternate layers of cherries and cake. Put the tops with bits of butter, bake fifteen minutes in a steady oven, then unmold and serve with a garnish of whipped cream.

**Softest sheer satins** are used for undershirts with wool or silk frocks, the tops being of silk stockinet. For run-around frocks nothing is more popular than serge, and many long coats are seen in white serge. Navy blue velveting, or velvet in velvet, are a feature of the season. Should the Louis XVI. modes return to favor, it is more likely that the high collar will be revived, with the hair brushed off the forehead, the many puffs and coils and even the side ringlets of the period.

**Motor Vels.**  
Double motor vels, joined only at the edges are being made up in green, brown or blue over white. The new veil is much shorter and narrower. The designs with chenille spots, finely dotted, are among the most popular.

Not playing a leading part this season, and pompadour and Dresden silks are bewilderingly attractive. White grounds sprinkled with colored dots are to be found among the new embroideries.

**The Fascinating Pin Stripe.**  
The pin stripe in linen lawn is positively fascinating for wear with the linen suit when it repeats the gown color. Stripes, usually not serving any practical purpose, but caught up and knotted in some graceful fashion, appear upon a number of the most picturesque broad brimmed hats this season. Stockings to wear with evening frocks and slippers are of finest material, headed with jet, gold, silver, or steel. Stockings of tulle with self-colored clocks are generally the most satisfactory for every day.

**Into Loneliness.**  
The more we think of all that was and will be, the paler will grow that which is actually happening. When we live with the dead and die their deaths, what then are our "neighbors" to us? We grow lonelier for the very reason that the whole flood of humanity is surging round us. The fire within us, which is glowing for all that is human, is ever on the increase. Wherefore we look upon all that surrounds us as though it had become more indifferent, more shadowy.—Friedrich Nietzsche.

**Three Black Crows.**  
Make several soft balls of cotton wool or rags, cover them with calico or muslin, and stitch them up firmly. Give three of these to each player, who places them before her on the floor.

One player stands in the middle and the others stand around her in a circle. Then she says: "Three black crows are on the lawn. Peck! Peck! Peck!"

As she says the last words she touches three players in the circle, and they step back. Those who are left in the circle then pick up their three balls and the three outside the circle and back to their places.

Then the player in the middle says: "The farmer shoots them every dawn. Crack! Crack! Crack!"

At the last word, the "crows" begin to run and the others pelt them with soft balls.

The "crow" that is first struck back returning to her place has to be in the middle next time. This is a favor.

its child's game.

## Helpful Life Lesson.

One of the most helpful lessons life can impart is that which shows us how to do our work as well as it can be done and here at Principle take care of the result. How often have we been amazed to find things come out much better than we anticipated, to find that the great unseen power that governs our lives through a wilderness of trial and tribulation into the open has guided our life ship through the fog of difficulties and of sorrow, through storms of hardships and losses, safely to port.

The pilot does not lose heart when he cannot see his way. He turns to that mysterious compass which sees as plainly in the fog and guides us faithfully in the tempest, as when the sea is like glass. We are in touch with a power greater than any compass, greater than any pilot, a power that can extricate us from the most desperate situation.

There are many weather rhymes about Saint Swithin's day. A Scotch proverb runs thus:

Saint Swithin's day gif ye do rain,  
For forty days it will remain;  
Saint Swithin's day, an ye be fair,  
For forty days 'twill rain ye mair.

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